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TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1922

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AS at the time of writing, the general election in England is still ten days away, it would, of course, be rash to affirm absolutely that no turns or chances capable of seriously affecting the issue lie concealed in the final stages of the contest. It does seem to us to be most unlikely, however, that anything can now occur to alter decisively what might be called the fundamental probabilities of the situation. As far as public opinion is concerned, the stage may be said to have been definitely set with the collapse of the Near Eastern crisis a month ago; and nothing Mr. Lloyd George can say or do now, still less anything Mr. Bonar Law can say or do, is likely to have any appreciable influence upon the mind of the electorate. It is even hard to see how a renewal of the Turkish crisis, such as is for the moment threatened by the Nationalist demand for the evacuation of Constantinople, would prove a source of strength to any of the parties. At most it might supply an argument for letting Lord Curzon finish his work of readjustment in the East; but then, aside altogether from the fact that Lord Curzon himself played quite a prominent part during the last three years in making that work, it is generally admitted that his name with its almost ridiculously pompous associations is about the last one likely to provide effective material for popular conjuring.

THAT the superficial conditions and most of the superficial indications favour the Tory party is, of course, undeniable. They have not only the greatest number of candidates in the field, but also the greatest number returned unopposed; and probably they have less to fear from three-cornered contests than any other party. But if Mr. Bonar Law's government enters the ring with these advantages, and with a fairly cordial welcome from the press in addition, it must not be forgotten that it, and nearly all its more prominent members, formed part and, towards the end, a very important part of the discredited Coalition. No doubt the heaviest weight of public displeasure and public disillusionment will fall upon Mr. Lloyd George and his immediate following, but that will not save

Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues from suffering some of the penalties of association in a war government. Indeed it may not save them from the fate that has long overtaken the war governments of other countries. Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues have no new gospel to preach; the only new personalities they have to offer are pale reflections of their predecessors or the sinister Rip Van Winkles of the Die Hard faction; moreover the record of the Coalition is largely their own record. This is no material with which to face a disillusioned and impoverished people. It is safe at least to say that the performance of the Tory party will disappoint its more optimistic backers.

FROM the point of view of the Labour Party the election has come at an unfortunate time; for Labour is still very far from being prepared for a decisive struggle. Moreover the break-up of the Coalition before the election has greatly increased the tactical difficulties of the Labour group. Not only has it deprived them of the advantage of a direct contest with an unpopular administration, but it has considerably augmented the number of three-cornered fights which on the whole must work to the disadvantage of the progressive elements. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, and notwithstanding the results of the recent municipal elections (which, owing to differences of franchise and peculiarity of constituencies, are probably not as significant as they seem) the Labour Party may be expected to gain greatly in strength. The same is true, we believe, of the Free Liberals; for, excepting the Labourites, from whom on most vital questions of policy they are indistinguishable, they are the only party with a programme that promises any relief. Indeed we shall be surprised if these two parties together do not find themselves in a position to replace the present government; for, although the Conservatives may, probably will, have the largest group in the next parliament, they will have no possible source of reinforcement but Mr. Lloyd George's National Liberals, and these are hardly likely to muster more than the proverbial corporal's

guard. Unless, therefore, the outcome of the election is very different from what we expect, Labour should in a sense control the next parliament; for hitherto it has been the scruples of the Labour Party that have prevented an alliance with Free Liberalism. It may even be that something more than the government of England, nothing less, in fact, than the well-being of Europe, will depend upon the decision of the Labour Party.

THE most disquieting feature of the Italian revolution lies not so much in its probable domestic reactions as in its possible effects upon the peace (if one is still permitted to use the phrase) of Europe. To have achieved the success they have, in the way they have, the Fascisti must have enlisted the sympathy of a far larger proportion of their fellow-citizens than most outsiders believed possible. It is one thing, however, particularly in a country like Italy, to secure support for a picturesque patriotic society, and quite another to retain it for a government as resolute as the Fascisti promise. There is some reason to hope, therefore, that the new government will soon loose its zest for Bolshie-hunting and the kindred sports of a field nature for which its gallant members have shown such aptitude, and will begin instead to cultivate the friendship of the moderate socialists who exercise such extensive influence in the north. It by no means follows, however, that they will find themselves under any similar compulsion to relinquish the extreme nationalist doctrine that has played such a part in their success. Indeed the contrary seems likely to prove true. Signor d'Annunzio is said to have become a sort of unofficial adviser on foreign affairs, and a renewed attempt on Fiume is reported to be in contemplation. This time it would, of course, be an attempt by the Italian government; in other words it would constitute a *casus belli* for Jugo-Slavia. But even if this folly be avoided, there is too much evidence of the new government's chauvinism. The Fascisti make great play with Italy's sacrifices in the war, and with the settlement that withheld the fruits of victory. Thus one of the few pacific influences of post-war Europe gives way before the virulent fever of *sacro egoismo*.

WE have had a good deal of discussion of an academic sort as to whether Canada has attained the status of a nation. The truth of the matter would seem to be that while we have outgrown the colony stage we are in some respects, and particularly when war is being made or composed, less than a competent full-grown state. The present government, however, is preparing, if press reports can be accepted, to take a long step forward. We have never been represented directly at Washington. To be correct in form, any arrangements made between

Canada and the United States must pass through British diplomatic channels. The Atlantic must be crossed and recrossed before an overtire can be made and a reply received. Mr. Meighen, for all his Conservative connection, was anything but an Imperialist in the conventional sense of the term, and when he was premier he had inserted in the estimates an amount to cover the expense of establishing a separate Canadian office in Washington. An appointment was never made, but under the present administration definite action seems to be contemplated, and the names of Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick have been mentioned successively as probable representatives. Mr. King has denied a selection, but has not denied the intention to make an appointment. There can be no good reason why a Canadian who knows the Canadian mind should not represent Canada in negotiations with the United States. Naturally and properly he would co-operate closely with the British ambassador, but he would speak the thought of Canada directly and without tedious delay.

FIVE provinces suffered from bush or prairie fires during the first week of October, but that which swept Northern Ontario was one of the greatest ever recorded. The loss in lives and property was disastrous, while the fire, sweeping into Quebec, caused serious damage there. Two indirect results stand forth unpleasantly—the callousness with which certain newspapers regarded the catastrophe which seemed to them a heaven-sent stone to fling at Mr. Drury, and the readiness of the general public to blame their neighbours' suffering on Providence instead of on their own long-standing indifference to fire-prevention. It is both senseless and indecent to make political capital of such an event when no previous government has done any better, while the plea that the disaster was not properly a bush-fire, but one in open farming country, and therefore not preventable, is contradicted by the statement that it has cleared much farm-land for the future. The facts also contradict it; for the conflagration had a multiple origin in the neglect of small bush-fires and others lit by settlers to burn 'slash' which, spreading before a sudden gale, leapt into the towns from the surrounding bush, while it was only the cleared space about several farm-steadings that saved them from destruction. There is no doubt that if there had been adequate organization, the loss would have been comparatively small.

THE Ontario Fire Marshal is now 'investigating the causes of the fire' and it is to be hoped that his recommendations will be radical. The ranging of Crown Lands must be made effective with all the scientific equipment available; aeroplanes, launches, telephones, chemicals, and a considerable number

of men will not be too expensive when lives and millions of dollars are at stake. Further, preventive measures must be extended to include the regulation of fires on private property in districts where the danger of a spreading fire is at all to be feared, and any person, whether on his own land or not, who lights and neglects a fire must be made to feel the penalty of criminal carelessness. Since Ontario is not alone in this matter, it is obvious that the co-operation of other provinces should be secured. When death and destruction can sweep across provincial boundaries, fire-prevention becomes a field for joint, if not for Federal, action.

THE Canadian Educational Association is mainly an association of departmental officials and administrators. In one sense it may be regarded as a department of superintendence of a Canadian Educational Association; but it lacks the large membership that is found in the corresponding Association of the United States. For this reason its name belies it. Canada needs, and needs badly, an association that will unite all elements of educational life—parents, trustees, teachers, and administrators—and especially the teachers. Its main object seems to be the establishment of an efficient Dominion Bureau which will co-ordinate all forms of educational effort. This is an endeavour that cannot be praised too highly. But co-ordination of effort does not mean its unification, and there has been too much talk in the recent conventions in Toronto and Ottawa about uniform texts, uniform courses of study, uniform everything. What Canada needs is more diversity within a well-regulated system. The Dominion is as varied in its educational needs as it is in its geography and its peoples, and no single type of school or text or method can possibly meet them all. The Canadian Educational Association should extend its borders, and until that is done it will secure neither the sympathy nor the confidence of Canadian teachers or public.

The death of Mr. E. Douglas Armour, K.C., removes an esteemed contributor to these columns. His translations from Horace and humorous verses, originally published in *The Rebel* and *THE CANADIAN FORUM*, have been reprinted in the second of his two books of verse, *Law Lyrics and Echoes from Horace in English Verse*.

The Editors wish to draw attention to the fact that several renewals of subscriptions have been received unaccompanied by the name or address of the sender. Will those whose remittances have not been acknowledged by the extension of the date on their address labels, kindly notify them at once?

A political correspondent writes:—There was a time when English politics used to revolve round marriages. At one time it was the Scotch marriage, at another the Spanish. To-day the *grande passion* of the Premier for a Progressive marriage is a central factor in our politics. Some of us are quite unable to fathom the motives behind it. On the surface his position seems tactically strong. If the Tories assail him, Progressive help is always available: if the Progressives prove fractious, friendly hands are always stretched out from the Tory benches, and there is no issue apparent on which the two groups could possibly combine. But quite plainly Mr. King is restless under his present bonds of wedlock; Quebec perhaps is an exacting spouse. But she can claim him as her lawful husband and whenever rumours of his attentions to the Progressive maiden reach Montreal she puts up Sir Lomer or some other faithful guardian of her marital rights to threaten divorce. The threat usually suffices for the time being, but a few weeks later Quebec once more becomes shrewish and querulous, and off flies Mr. King for consolation to the Progressive bosom. Plainly the marriage could never take place without the divorce, but sometimes it looks as if the Premier had at moments been prepared to risk the venture of political bigamy. It is the enormity of the risks that makes the passion difficult to understand.

* * * * *

I hear that the reputation of both the Prime Minister and Mr. Crerar as political matchmakers is at a very low ebb among veteran professors of this most delicate of arts. They are rated as ignorant of its elementary principles and held to have omitted no blunder which could help to render their project of an alliance abortive. Mr. King has little patience with the old adage about the multitude of cooks, and at least a score of negotiators, some clad with full authority and some unarmed, have been at work on his behalf with the somewhat coy Progressives. Naturally they told many conflicting tales, and the dazzling wealth of their pledges and professions aroused suspicion even in western minds inured to the extravaganzas of the real estate fraternity. But the greatest error is laid at the door of the Progressive leader in allowing the Grain Growers' Guide, of which he is President, to publish in July a highly unfavourable account of the Premier's character and sessional record. It was, the Liberal strategists bewail, the height of either folly or innocence to allow the statesman, whose multifarious virtues and ardent zeal for all progressive causes was to be the chief excuse for the projected alliance, to be depicted to 80,000 odd western farmers as a timorous mediocrity bound hand and foot to the Montreal reactionaries, a sort of twentieth century Lord Liverpool or youthful Warren Harding. But why discuss the alliance when as the result of the decision of the Saskatchewan convention it is a dream now fled through the ivory gate?

* * * * *

I understand that our present rulers who a year ago were holding up obstesting hands at the rich and varied iniquities of the Meighen Government are now disposed to take a more charitable view of their failings. They have discovered that the problem of our governance is woefully difficult and the placation of clamant minorities and localities a heart-breaking task. The compilation of the C.N.R. board is a sample of their

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G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman*.

C. B. SISSONS,
Political Editor.

J. D. ROBINS,
Literary Editor.

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troubles. They appoint no representative on it from Quebec City and the political Castor and Pollux of the locality breathe open rebellion. They appoint a distinguished citizen of Prince Rupert to represent B.C., and a Vancouver M.P. proceeds to win the plaudits of his outraged fellow-towners by charging that the new director is the most accomplished bootlegger in the northern half of the province. The filling of judicial vacancies is a perpetual problem. The faithful who stayed with the ship in 1917 claim all spoils and perquisites as their sacred right and demand a stern proscription of all accused Unionists. The latter make hectic protest to Mr. Fielding, one of the arch-Unionists, and he forthwith enlarges to his colleagues upon the fatal results of any boycott of the separated brethren of the later war years. He has always available the weapon of a threat of retiral which opens up a vista of endless troubles to the Prime Minister.

* * * * *

The now familiar headline 'Charges by James Murdock' is understood to be getting upon the nerves of that statesman's colleagues, and it is deemed exceedingly unfortunate that he should have made his *début* in the field of international diplomacy an occasion for the exercise of his special talents. Dating from his days of industrial statesmanship the Prime Minister had long entertained what he would call a high regard for Mr. Murdock, but there was considerable dismay among his more experienced lieutenants when he intimated last December that he intended to signalize this regard by a place in the Cabinet. But to-day the Prime Minister is probably disposed to take a darker view of the virtues of his trusty Achates. Mr. Murdock's parliamentary career was a painful fiasco, not totally bereft of humorous aspects. But thanks to friendly press control very few people west of Ottawa are aware of the amazing interview given by him at Quebec as he was faring forth to the city of Calvin. In it our ingenuous Minister of Labour practically disclosed the fixed intention of the Cabinet to frown upon any Near Eastern adventures. The decision may have been perfectly proper and probably was, but the reasons advanced by Mr. Murdock were strangely disconcerting and their disclosure indiscreet to a degree. Mr. Marconi, however, has materially lengthened the arm of political potentates and Mr. Murdock's breakfast next morning is said to have been disturbed by a stern exhortation to silence from his chieftain. His latest transgression is certain to evoke more violent wrath in the East Block and it may be that the offender will decide to add himself to the illustrious exiles who have shed lustre upon the shores of Lake Leman. Calvin, Voltaire, Rousseau are indeed a noble company for Mr. Murdock to join.

* * * * *

I must plead guilty to an ancient weakness for the black sheep of our political flock and a course of the somewhat tedious virtues of solemn statesmen like the blameless Mr. Copp and the righteous Mr. Stewart has intensified it. Hence I am deeply intrigued to hear that the Hon. Robert Rogers is once again on the prowl in Eastern Canada. Born in the age of Pizarro or even of Walpole, the Hon. Robert would assuredly have had a long and illustrious career. He has come after his time rather than before it, but withal he is an engaging figure. To a friend who recently inquired if he had abandoned politics for good, the Manitoba statesman is said to have made this Homeric reply, 'Certainly not—I have the time, I have the money, I like the game, and God knows the country needs me.' I understand now that he has come East armed with a brand new specific for the speedy restoration to complete health of the Conservative Party and demands to be given immediate rank as one of its consulting physicians. Mr. Meighen feels that desperate ills need desperate remedies, but he quite wisely hesitates to admit to the bedside a practitioner whose skill is offset by many convictions for illegal political operations. To which the Hon. Robert retorts that if he is not summoned at once the patient will die on their hands.

Waters of Jordan

A RECENT historian of the French revolution shows little but contempt for either the revolutionary cause or its chief protagonists, yet finds himself impelled to acclaim the events of 1792 as an explosion of the 'noblest feeling' of which the human mind is capable, namely energy. Similarly, even the severest critic of Mr. Lloyd George (were he, at the same time, a disciple of M. Bergson) would be bound to render no less a tribute to the object of his distrust; for energy is a quality that (so far, at least) Mr. Lloyd George has never failed to display. And just as energy has been the keynote of his extraordinary career, energy will, we may be sure, be the crown of his ultimate reputation. Whatever else men may claim for him or deny him his vitality will never be disputed.

One must, however, take account of the possibility that the historian of the future will decline to join with the historian of the past in his almost exclusive regard for this particular characteristic of the human mind. Indeed there is a tendency already discernible, even among quite unphilosophical people, to re-arrange the war-time catalogue of political virtues by ousting energy from its pre-eminent place. The truth is that energy, desirable as it is even in times of peace, can no more be said to be the supreme political virtue than it can be said to be Mr. Lloyd George's only noteworthy characteristic.

Paradoxically enough, there are circumstances in which energy may prove to be a source of weakness. It was, in fact, the final and so nearly disastrous explosion of Mr. Lloyd George's and Mr. Winston Churchill's combined energies in the Near East, rather than the unedifying performance at the Carlton Club three weeks ago, that decided the fate of the Coalition. The Conservative Party's prospects in isolation are not so bright that they would not have been tempted to maintain at least for a few months longer the combination in which they have usually exercised not less than their fair share of control. It is safe to say that nothing but the marked unpopularity of that combination would have enabled the Die Hards at this juncture to indulge their resentment. But the Coalition had become at last unmistakeably, even notoriously, unpopular. The criticism that had, to a large extent, been held in check during the last two years by the legend of indispensability surrounding Mr. Lloyd George, burst with accumulated force at the threat of another war. The Die Hards' day had come.

When Lord Beaconsfield returned from the Congress of Berlin in 1878, having accomplished his disagreeable task of liquidating an adventurous foreign policy, he deliberately adopted the most provocative phrase he could select in the hope of

diverting the minds of his countrymen from the inglorious conclusion of his dreams. The trick worked, and 'Peace with Honour' maintained him in power almost till his death. Mr. Lloyd George is said not to be a student of history, otherwise we might conclude that his defence of his Near Eastern policy was a leaf taken from the book of the last British Prime Minister to experiment decisively with a forward policy in the Near East. But though the attitude, with its mingling of impudence and cajolery, was the same—though Mr. Lloyd George asserted in defiance of the obvious facts that he and his colleagues had acted as peace makers, not warmongers, had, indeed, as one of them declared, rung the Tocsin of Peace—the response was disappointingly different. Perhaps the phrase was not as good as the old Jew's. But the real trouble was that the public's confidence had been shaken beyond the power of any phrase to restore it—perhaps, too, that the public to-day knows more of war. The Tocsin of Peace had called, it is true, but it had called—called unmistakably and clamorously—for Mr. Lloyd George's removal.

It would, however, be a bold and probably a foolish prophet who would declare that Mr. Lloyd George's career as a national leader had come to an end. It is eminently likely that he stands to-day at a turning point in his career. At the beginning of his electoral campaign his pronouncements shewed an obvious desire to conciliate Liberal and Labour opinion; and he loses no opportunity of declaring his democratic sympathies and his democratic origin, of protesting his democratic virtue. He has even clutched at the mantle of Elijah in the shape of Mr. Gladstone's frock coat. But whatever his chances of ingratiating himself with the Left might have been eighteen months ago, he cannot hope to achieve much to-day. For the past few months he has been more thoroughly discredited, if possible, with the Left than with the Right; and his appeal to the emotions of a passing generation may fail to evoke the familiar response. He knows as well as anyone that he must bide his time, and in the next parliament he may be quite content to take his place as leader of a small, and possibly nondescript group. But so extraordinary is the jumble of contradictions and surprises presented by his career that it would be foolhardy to attempt a prophecy even of the immediate future.

As everyone knows, Mr. Lloyd George served his political novitiate in the simplified and slightly sanctimonious atmosphere of nonconformist radicalism. During the later stages of the South African war he even acquired a considerable reputation as a sort of militant pacifist; and, despite his earlier activities in Wales, it was not until well into the century that he branched out in the more ambitious

role of a great democratic leader, or, as his opponents of that day would have had it, of a powerful and dangerous demagogue. This was the period of Limehouse, the Budget of 1909, and the attack on the Lords. For Mr. Lloyd George himself it was a period of burgeoning powers and broadening ambitions. The unsophisticated Welsh solicitor was beginning to find his feet. Did not even Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb consider it worth their while to cultivate and guide this forceful but uninstructed political intelligence? In short, the years preceding the outbreak of war found Mr. Lloyd George the acknowledged leader of the great movement towards industrial and social reform that culminated in Mr. Asquith's second administration; and if the Marconi scandal, with its ugly revelations, and that unctuous defence 'I am a comparatively poor man', showed to the stricter Liberals that their god had feet of clay, there was a trusting multitude which still acclaimed him.

So far, however, except for a few somewhat ill-judged speeches and a famous declaration at the Mansion House, the rising tribune had manifested little interest in the complicated problems of foreign policy. He had been content, or perhaps constrained, like the majority of Mr. Asquith's colleagues, to leave that exclusive aspect of government to the little group of eclectic intelligences who, under the old dispensation, disposed of these delicate but important questions without much regard for the wishes either of their colleagues or of Parliament. When the crisis came in 1914 and Lord Morley led the withdrawal from the cabinet, it is said that Mr. Lloyd George spent many painful hours in communion with his conscience. The whole idea of war must indeed have been a miserable shock to his dreams and his desires. It was characteristic of the man, however, that having made his decision he never turned back. War leaves little scope for the social reformer, and it was not long before Mr. Lloyd George, the enemy of social abuses, began to push to the front again in the more timely character of the organizer of victory.

From this point on the chronicle is obscured by the mists of controversy. Lord Kitchener's share in the successful provision of munitions, Mr. Lloyd George's obvious implication in the plot that resulted in Mr. Asquith's downfall, the tragic adventure of General Nivelle, the strategy of 1918 and unity of command, these and many more questions of the highest importance have become the subject of acrimonious disputes centering upon Mr. Lloyd George's claim to be regarded as The Man Who Won The War. It must suffice to say that the consensus of opinion in England, both Liberal and Tory, has long been swinging round to the view that Mr. Lloyd George, notwithstanding his great services in sustaining civilian morale and organizing produc-

tion, proved from the military point of view an impediment to victory.

With the signing of the armistice, and the excesses of the general election that immediately followed it, there opened a new and puzzling period in this amazing career; a period that has seen Mr. Lloyd George, under public coercion from the Northcliffe Press, demanding the execution of the Kaiser and the extraction of the whole cost of the war from Germany in one breath, and in the next presenting to the Peace Conference a far-sighted and magnanimous memorandum which he no sooner presented than abandoned; a period that has seen him consistently and effusively saluting the League of Nations as the hope of humanity, and yet doing as much as any other European statesman to impede its development and restrict its power; a period that has seen him waging vicarious warfare and threatening open warfare against revolutionary Russia, yet advancing nearer to recognition of the Soviet government than the leader of any other European power; a period that has seen him prosecuting in Ireland one of the cruellest repressions of modern times, and in the end extending to her a fuller measure of self-government than had ever before been thought of; a period that has seen him come forward as the architect of an England fit for heroes to live in, and yet leaving those heroes without their promised homes and denouncing their efforts to maintain the pre-war standard of living as an anarchist conspiracy. To describe such things as inconsistencies or compromises or improvisations is to put too great a strain on these words.

But even this does not begin to complete the tale of Mr. Lloyd George's energy and adaptability. His reign has marked a profound change in the edifice of the British constitution. Not content with building up an executive machine that enabled him to flout and ignore the great administrative departments, he has at every turn aggrandized the executive at the expense of Parliament itself, so that the ancient system of representative government has taken on not a little of the character of an elected dictatorship. Perhaps this was inevitable; perhaps, even, to a limited extent, desirable. No one, however, is likely to attempt even a partial justification of that other innovation, the typically Georgian diplomacy, the chief cause of the deplorable change that the last two years have witnessed in the world's conception of English policy and English character. From Mustapha Kemal's 'You cannot trust Lloyd George' to the scurries of the Parisian boulevards, one meets almost everywhere an invariable refrain of distrust that is not always confined to the government. It may be true that these are the fruits not so much of energy as of an incorrigible opportunism; perhaps they are even implicit in the very nature of a government, which, like the late Coalition,

must be conducted largely by intrigue and log-rolling. One thing is certain: of that government Mr. Lloyd George was the vital force. Its very existence has depended upon his personality, his prestige, his consummate mastery of the art of manipulating men, of simulating agreement where no real agreement could be reached. The English people have shown that they are tired of that sort of government; and they are likely to show this month that they are tired of the man who maintained it once its usefulness was gone. To-day Mr. Lloyd George is bathing afresh in the waters of Jordan. It is hardly likely that his political soul will have regained its pristine whiteness by November 15th.

Some Impressions of Germany

CURIOSITY has drawn a multitude of visitors to the central countries of Europe this summer, and the reports which one heard in England from these adventurers regarding the conditions and reception they found were baffling in their diversity. It is in fact quite impossible for the casual visitor to arrive at any significant opinion concerning the larger political and financial issues there which are puzzling the outside world. The writer was interested particularly in the common people and the following observations pertain to a number of the larger centres of the interior; which are perhaps more representative than the occupied districts of the Rhine.

On entering by Cologne and crossing the northern plain of Germany through Hanover to Berlin a Canadian is struck with the intensity of the cultivation. The war practice of utilizing all the available land has persisted more than it has in Canada or in Britain. Crops on the whole were good as judged from the train, and harvest was commencing. Agricultural machinery was little in evidence, what there was being old in style and in years. Whole families, of course, worked in the fields and it was here that one chiefly noticed the absence of young men.

To anyone familiar with rural Ontario the lack of fences in the agricultural districts of Germany is conspicuous. Low whitewashed boundary stones and a narrow unsown swath do service for line-fences. Although the holdings are usually small, often only a few acres in extent, one's first impression is of a wide expanse of fields—a sharp contrast to the hedges and substantial fences of rural Britain which rise in town into those blank walls that guard the privacy and the property rights of the Englishman. One wearies of the geometrical precision of the German landscape. Nature there may never run riot. Even the clumps of woods which here and there break the plain, on nearer view are

battalions of reforested trees in perfect alignment like hills of corn. The only things which seem to have been allowed to choose their course are the streams and the roads, the latter in the country districts being often little more than trails through the fields.

Towns and villages appear on every hand, with innumerable stacks, each with its wreath of smoke. There is very little heavy construction work to be seen at present in the inland centres. The only instances of railway construction which came under the writer's notice were in the environs of Cologne and of Berlin. There was also relatively little factory construction and practically none of public or of business buildings, such as one saw in Britain; there was, however, a larger amount of house building in nearly every town.

Although railway travel is very cheap as compared with prices generally in Germany (being only a fraction of what it is relatively in the allied countries) working men never crowd the trains; they can neither afford nor do they need to travel in quest of work as workmen do in Austria. It is by no means a representative section of the German public that travels, especially on the through trains. In the cities one is immediately struck by the large number of pedestrians and the small amount of street traffic. In Berlin the volume of motor traffic at noon would scarcely exceed that in London or in Paris at midnight. In some centres taxi stands were almost non-existent and licenced motors were often private cars that had seen better days. On the other hand the majority of private motors on the streets obviously belonged to the well-to-do. The minimum street-car fare was four marks and the cars were rarely crowded, the reason given by several working-men and women being that they could not afford to ride to work. The cities were orderly and fairly well lighted, but the streets and public conveyances were neither well cleaned nor in good repair.

The civic police were usually mere youths in their early twenties, being boys who had returned from the front too old to take the apprentice courses of technical schools and were employed in this capacity. The more significant point lying behind this is that, in the industrial sections of Germany, the high pre-war standard of technical training which was demanded of adolescents is now being increased and intensified as an educational policy that is intended to strengthen the industrial position. Funds from particular industries as well as from the State are being used for this educational purpose, and particular attention is being paid to experiments in vocational selection along psychological lines, especially in the metal-working trades.

Newspapers in Germany were expensive and small—often only two leaves—and people read the bulletins instead. One noticed, however, the large number of inexpensive paper-covered books of a

serious character which were being read by the working public in restaurants and often by pedestrians. In this connection the works of Dr. Rathenau were frequently to be seen.

Meals in the better class of eating houses were upwards of 250 marks exclusive of tips (exchange being then about 1,800 M. to the Pound) and a plain meal in the factory districts was about half that amount. Here frequently only beer was purchased, which, with a pocket lunch of sandwiches and sausage from home, made the working-man's dinner. Only the more expensive cafés and hotels, patronized by the well-to-do and by tourists, furnished music; the simplest luxuries (except perhaps tobacco) seemed beyond reach of the large majority of the people. Certain brands of cigars which were cheaper than newspapers were widely used, but travellers' tales of the Germans walking about smoking cigars and riding in limousines are not an index of the actual situation. Teachers, clerks, and business men very largely wore rubber collars and cuffs. Motion picture theatres seemed to have disappeared and the two which we found in Berlin after considerable search were patronized chiefly by Russians and tourists.

The saving feature in the economic situation seemed to be that there was work for all. Long hours rather than part time employment was the rule. On the other hand there was ample evidence that the workman's 3,000 marks per week was barely sufficient for necessities. Universities as well as technical schools conducted or duplicated a considerable part of their ordinary classes at night in order that students might support themselves, although there was little or no increase in staff, or in remuneration, to provide for this contingency. If employment generally should fail it is difficult to see how revolutionary disturbances of a serious nature could be evaded. The spirit of the working classes is by no means one of passive resignation. It is summed up in the phrase one frequently heard—'anything is better than this'. They hold no hope of relief by emigration, the expense of the venture alone being entirely prohibitive at present for the ordinary man.

In so far as the German looks to external causes for his present plight, the most disquieting undercurrent of opinion is the universal hatred of France. The common attitude to British subjects is on the whole far from cordial, for we are still an 'enemy country'. Nevertheless the attitude to us is not wholly intolerant—perhaps less so than to the United States, and not a few persons in business and in educational circles expressed a genuine desire for the return of normal relations. One cannot contemplate the general feeling towards the French, however, without concern. Throughout the country there were almost daily press and editorial references, in the bitterest terms, to the 'Black Shame'—the garrisoning of the French zone with coloured

troops. This, of course, is only a detail in the total situation but it is one of very great emotional significance. Whatever be the truth about the conduct of these troops, their presence is at any rate an unfortunate irritant which is not humiliating but rather solidifying Germany in the direction of a dangerous nationalism. Happening to breakfast with a young German at a hotel in Wurtzburg, he good-naturedly volunteered his opinion, as a machine gunner, of the Canadian, American, and other allied troops he had faced, but he shortly turned the conversation to ask what we outsiders thought of their politics, did we think they would have the 'kingly' rule again? On my replying in the negative and asking why they should want it, he said, 'In five years we will have it and then we will kill those Frenchmen.' He considered himself a patriot but not a monarchist. This man was the son of a merchant and himself a commercial traveller.

Another element in German thought was revealed at Oberammergau. The audience there was as interesting as the Passion Play itself. For one thing the audience was predominantly German with men considerably in the majority, and secondly, the feelings of the visitors were unquestionably religious and personal. In the three hour journey there from Munich a young woman in our compartment remarked that she had been saving money for two years to go to the play. On inquiring what interested her chiefly about it, she said simply, 'You know he died.' I thought at first that her remark pertained to the theme of the play but slowly realized that her reference was to someone who had not returned from the front. This sentiment was uppermost in the minds of most of the visitors to the play. In the scene of the procession to Calvary, for instance, when the mother of Christ and her friends sought a last word with Him only to be brushed rudely aside by the Roman guard with the remark, 'What use are women's tears?' the audience was profoundly moved. Upon this subject the Germans feel like others, but they have not had such comfort as may be derived from visiting the graves of one's dead.

From the fragmentary observations of even a brief visit one cannot but conclude that this nation has immense reserves of moral strength. The common people are faced with immediate difficulties of subsistence which seem to them intolerable; but they are not without self-respect, and they have not lost faith in the future of their country.

E. A. BOTT.

Keeping The High Seas Dry

PRESIDENT HARDING has signed an edict barring intoxicants from ships flying the United States flag and prohibiting all ships from carrying liquor within the three-mile limit. His

action may not, as some optimists believe, divert much shipping to Canadian ports, but it may result in bringing to a head a particularly interesting inconsistency in the administration of liquor laws south of the frontier.

The bureaucracy set up at Washington at a cost of \$7,000,000 to enforce the most famous of sumptuary laws nowhere met with greater difficulties in the course of its duties than in the regulation of liquor on United States shipping. The problem eventually was met by the time-honoured method of ignoring it.

In 1919, when the Federal regulations first went into effect, liquor was for a time banned from native shipping. This, however, soon resulted in a marked preference by loyal Americans for ships flying a foreign flag. It became apparent that a contest between conscience and commerce was inevitable. With, therefore, as little ostentation as possible, bars were restored to United States ships. From then on, a New Yorker who engaged passage on a government-owned liner for Europe would receive with his ticket the assurance that once his ship left the three-mile limit his troubles would be over. Perhaps this does not seem possible, but it is a fact vouched for by many travellers. Furthermore, on the other side of the Atlantic, advertisements appeared in Paris newspapers giving in full the wine lists of the U.S. Shipping Board's vessels.

This arrangement for some time worked satisfactorily; at least no objections were forthcoming from travellers, steamship officials, or prohibition agents. United States vessels could compete on equal terms with all comers, and harmony and amity prevailed.

Unfortunately, after a year or two, this harmony was suddenly and rudely dispelled. In vulgar parlance, 'a monkey-wrench was thrown into the works'. A citizen whose activities had long made Milwaukee famous, on returning from a trip to Europe, was interviewed by some New York pressmen. With a lack of tact which can now only be termed regrettable, he proceeded forthwith 'to spill the beans'. Why, he asked, should the left hand of the government ruin his business while its right hand carried on an identical business on its own steamers? Doubtless this question had been asked before, but this time, coming as it did from one of the Republic's prominent millionaires, it could not be passed over in silence.

There was an expectant pause, and then the prohibition officials issued a reply to his allegations. In sum it was this: that Mr. Busch had formerly been a brewer, and, secondly, that he was pro-German. Then, satisfied that they had demolished his contentions, they continued to carry on as if the unpleasant incident were closed. Apparently, however, it was not, for now, a few months later, comes this action by Mr. Harding. He is anxious

that a ship subsidy bill be passed, and he has been assured by the drys that it will not pass unless it includes a clause prohibiting the sale and transportation of liquor on government-owned ships. Besides, in his home state of Ohio, his political party's catch phrase for the coming elections is 'Stand by the President'. It is feared that the drys, who form a respectable proportion of the population in that state, would stand far indeed from the president if he countenanced the continued breaking of the law on these vessels.

Canada is an interested spectator until such time as the new law may be tested in the courts. The United States Attorney-General is confident that its legality will be upheld, and New York shipping men already have suggested Halifax or St. John as possible ports of call to enable ships of all nations to evade the regulation. The St. Lawrence route, which at present attracts Americans with its reasonable rates, might be still more enhanced in reputation south of the frontier if the law goes into effect permanently.

One fact is certain, that United States shipping will suffer considerably from the regulation. Aside from the possibility of reprisals, which have been seriously mentioned in British circles, the Republic's trade between non-United States ports will be seriously hampered. Liquorless ships would do a poor business in South America, for instance, where the Shipping Board steamers have just succeeded in obtaining a foothold. The same conditions apply on all the immigrant routes from Europe to Ellis Island.

L. B. N. GNAEDINGER.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

A Flag for Canada

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The rhetorical patriotism of your correspondent in Bangor, Maine, U.S.A., is a fair example of the point of view of all Anti-Canadian Flag Wavers. The reference libraries contain vast collections of such letters, written during recurrent epidemics of the Canadian flag controversy. And always, and with the bulldogish persistence peculiar to this type of patriot, we find them attempting to drive the Canadian into the cellar along with his reputed ally Guy Fawkes. But we won't stay in the cellar; because we don't like Guy Fawkes and because we are interested in the skies and in Heavenly emblems.

Your correspondent of Bangor, Maine, U.S.A., should be reminded that we 'who now take such evident pleasure in enlarging upon the need of a national flag for Canada' resent the statement that we are 'attacking the unity and solidarity of the English speaking people'. Our traditions are deeply rooted in the history of Canada, many of us are of English blood, our forefathers fought as bravely as any at Queenston Heights, in South Africa, and for that matter on the Plains of Abraham, while we were well represented in France where sleep many of our dead.

A cable dispatch from London dated September 21, reads as follows:

'The London *Times* Chanak correspondent, telegraphing yesterday, says that the Australian and New Zealand ensigns are flying at Yelia, opposite Chanak. Anzac officers, under Col. Hughes, who have been engaged for three years past on memorials to the fallen in the peninsula, are enthusiastically assisting in the defence of the Narrows...' Is it to be inferred that these gallant officers, by the use of the Australian and New Zealand flags (although these national flags are unauthorized) are attempting to rob children of their heritage, 'prostitute the faith of their fathers and profane the ideals we wish to inculcate'? Such being the implication of your correspondent in Bangor, Maine, U.S.A., regarding those who choose to use a special edition of the Union Jack.

I take this opportunity of stating that I have nothing but admiration for the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, whose beautiful London war hospital was my home for many months; but I happen to believe that some of their Canadianization methods are not practical. English-born, or the children of English-born are well looked after in the matter of patriotic inspiration; it is the other children (who after all form the vast majority) to whom must be exhibited definite insignia of nationhood if they are ever to be anything but foreigners.

Mr. de Brisay's spiritual epigrams on the souls of conservatives are rather over my reactionary head, his philosophy of flags, however, is quite sound. I personally would regret to see any dissection of the Union Jack and am not thrilled by Imperial patriotism, but those who are Imperialists should certainly be given a flag of their own.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY BALDWIN.

Toronto.

Baptists and State Education

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In your September issue Professor Sandiford, in his informing survey of the university problem of the Maritime Provinces, says that 'Baptists do not believe in State aid for education, at least, for higher education'. This statement is incorrect. On the contrary, Baptists do believe in State aid for both lower and higher education. They were among the earliest and strongest advocates of the University of Toronto, and even while they now support a university of their own they hold that the Provincial University should not suffer through lack of funds. Only a few years ago the Chancellor of McMaster University was one of a deputation of educationists who urged the Government to make ample provision for the needs of the University of Toronto.

What the Baptists oppose is State aid to colleges controlled by religious denominations. Further, they practise what they preach, for they have neither sought nor received a single dollar from the Ontario Government for McMaster University. Should they decide to remove their university to Hamilton they will, I feel sure, be unwilling to accept a municipal grant from that

city, though they would not hesitate to accept voluntary gifts from individuals.

Presumably this is what Dr. Sandiford meant, though brevity led him into an inexactitude of statement.

Yours, etc.,

W. S. W. McLAY.

McMaster University, Toronto.

The Bending of a Twig

II

ONE memorable summer when I was eight or nine years old, we went to stay in Kent with some relatives in a large country house with extensive gardens and grounds. All kinds of wonders met us here; in the woods, hyacinths and wonderful birds—magpies, jays, green woodpeckers, wrynecks, bottle-tits, goat-suckers; indoors and out, tame things galore—rabbits and hares, rats, mice (white mice, field mice, dormice), doves, canaries, love-birds, toucans, and—most fascinating of all—silkworms.

Our cousins had trays and trays of these grey caterpillars fed with fresh leaves every day from the mulberry tree on the lawn. To watch these creatures feed and grow and moult, to see each one taken when it stopped feeding and put into a paper twirl or 'poke'—a miniature cornucopia—to watch them spin their cocoon, and then to assist at the business of tearing away the rough outer scaffolding of yellow strands and fluff, pick out an end from the close-wound cocoon, set the cocoon in a glass of water and reel onto a skein-winder the whole interminable thread of golden silk, the cocoon bobbing about on the surface of the water in the glass, till finally the newly formed pupa sank through the last meshes of its hammock, and was put carefully away in dry bran for the moth to emerge; to see the moth lay its eggs, one after another, side by side, in batches on a sheet of paper spread over the bottom of the box, eggs that soon darkened from creamy colour to leaden gray; all this was enchantment and we were soon bound fast under the spell. A whole room was devoted to the work, and its curtains and walls were hung with these inverted paper cones of spinning and pupating caterpillars.

The rage for silkworms travelled back to Perthshire that September on the Scotch express, to spread like influenza; not only did we send next spring to a London dealer in Natural History supplies for some batches of eggs, but bit some of our particular friends with the mania, so that a silkworm cult was established in the Town of Crieff.

I am afraid the industry never thrived; for one thing the mulberry does not grow in Scotland, and although lettuces make a fair substitute, the caterpillars are smaller and less hardy, so that quite a

high mortality ensues between egg and adult. But we made, I remember, some interesting discoveries. In the first place, we devised quite an original form of incubator to coax the grub out of the egg a few weeks earlier than the natural season. We began by keeping the eggs on the kitchen mantelpiece just over a good fire that was always going; but presently, too impatient to wait, we tried putting some of the egg batches into the warm or even hot oven; the success of this experiment was almost too great, for the specks of grubs hurried out to feed before the lettuce got up from its bed in the garden to be fed on. It was at this time that we made our second great discovery, of dandelion leaves as a substitute for lettuce. But the golden aftermath of the silkworm cult for my brother and me was our set resolve to begin a collection of insects.

Several seasons earlier I had tried rearing some of my favourite woolly-bears, found feeding on dock-leaves. This had been so far successful that I understood the connection of caterpillars with moths and butterflies, and the mystery of the chrysalis. And after my woolly-bears had been miraculously transformed to richly spotted tiger moths, I had gathered from the garden all the caterpillars I could find on cabbages, currant bushes, and so on. But I must have been too young to collect systematically, for I don't think it ever occurred to me to keep the imago after its emergence. Two incidents of this earlier experience come back to me; one, how I watched a green caterpillar of the smaller white butterfly, when full grown, spin its little button and sling of silk and contract as though about to pupate. A day or two after when I looked for the chrysalis I found to my amazement that a cluster of tiny yellow-silk cocoons had rent my larva in twain just about amidships. I took the box to my father and asked him, did caterpillars ever have young ones? The phenomenon was as big a puzzle to him, I remember, as to me, but he advised me to keep the brood under their glass lid and see what would happen. I don't think either of us was much wiser for seeing some small winged flies in the box a little later; I know I wasn't. The other incident was even more disappointing. In a lane near the town I found one day a strange chrysalis lying on the ground. It was certainly somewhat hard, but I suspected no guile, and, taking it home carefully, kept it for months in a box of bran; when at last I realized it wasn't going to hatch out into some gorgeous new butterfly, 'like the other chrysalises', I shed tears of disappointment. My chrysalis, in fact, was nothing more or less than a common date stone.

However, all this had been years before when I was quite little. Now I was nearly ten and had a partner almost two years older. Our collection grew apace in its first two seasons, and many notable accessions were made to it; among these, I remember

a large box of tropical butterflies bought at a bazaar; the pupa of a Death's Head Sphinx dug up in the potato garden; a magnificent green caterpillar with purple diagonal stripes on its sides and a horn on its tail found on a weeping willow at the end of the lawn; several rich velvety brown caterpillars of an Emperor moth taken feeding on heather up in the hills; and, superbst of all, our first Peacock butterfly.

This regal beauty is not found in Perthshire, but one of our next door neighbors, a boy five years my senior, had a fine collection of Lepidoptera and offered one of these gorgeous things as a prize to whichever of us could beat the other in a fight. Now David and Jonathan often fought in the heat of some momentary difference, but to be asked to stand up to one another in cold blood seemed a little too much; still, peradventure, for the sake of a Peacock butterfly! At last we managed to strike a bargain with the stony-hearted judge; whichever threw the other in a wrestling bout should have the butterfly, and we flew together before our chieftain in a close Scotch hug not unworthy of Donald Dinnie at the annual gathering of the Highland games in Strathearn. Whether 'Slyboots' had figured it all out beforehand or not I shall never know, but I found it far easier to throw him in the wrestling bout than to pick up his friendship after the fall. The butterfly was mine, when we turned moodily away to go home; it was his ten minutes later when we entered the parsonage gate, deep in friendly converse and of joyful countenance.

If you think for one moment that our little lives by now were full to bursting with all this hotch-potch of country fare in the few short months of a Highland summer, you've sadly forgotten the days of your youth. Children are much like dogs, they have a voracious appetite and they cover far more ground in the course of a day's journey than your sober-paced man; they haven't his steadiness of purpose and they hate to stay on the high road; but they're all eyes and ears and full of tireless energy, forever ranging over the surface of things, if never digging deep.

Between you and me then, so far, there hasn't been even a breath in your secretest ear about our really and truly favourite sport of the summer, a sport that at one time grew to a devouring passion and threatened to swallow up all its rivals. This Aaron's rod of our childhood was the rod that according to Dr. Johnson has a worm at one end and a fool at the other, but so long as the worm caught fish we didn't care a button what names you called the fisherman. As early almost as I can remember, a fishing trip was the greatest holiday treat we could think of. In my case, I am sure, there was never any danger of other interests getting crowded out; for I was never so absorbed in the gentle art that I didn't keep an eye open, and my ears, for the secrets of nature; everything living was fish to my net, and the contents of my wicker creel went far beyond the finny tribes. 'Slyboots' caught

more trout, but 'Merry Andrew's' basket showed quite as big a catch; among other 'queer fish' I brought home, I remember a young rabbit, a sandpiper, two half grown wood pigeons ('cushie doos') a bat, a swallow, an owl, a squirrel, a hedge-hog, and once, incredible as it may seem, a pair of full grown weasels. I had spied them playing together near the Forth, but when I hurried up with a collie dog that had made friends with me on the way, they took refuge in a drain-pipe; here I prodded them so with the butt of my rod that they rushed out to be mauled by the dog; whether I could ever have tamed them into pets, remains a moot point, for both died next day, and by the advice of a friend—an old naturalist—were laid out in the shrubbery as a bait for carrion beetles. As for the bat and the swallow, they had both flown at my fly-cast as it went sailing over my head and had actually been hooked in mid air. Many a strange adventure and many a rare sight met us on those fishing trips; once we actually had the luck to see a large otter with a sea-trout in its mouth. The older we got, the further we went; and the further we went, the longer grew our list of the wonders of creation.

Our earliest fishing trips took us to Ochertyre after perch; the way to this loch led over fields past the corner of a small lake known as the Serpentine; here we caught our first dragonflies and the little copper butterfly, gathered bullrushes and water-lilies, found our first nests of coots and waterhens, and were given once a swan's egg by one of the game-keepers. Later on, we found from a summer spent (with whooping-cough) at the village of Gargunnock near Stirling, that we could catch brook trout; after that still-fishing for perch with a coloured float lost all its charm; even trolling for pike, and the novelty of hauling flounders and bream out of the tidal waters of the Forth paled before the fierce joy of climbing the trout stream, with its linns and grey mare's tails overhung with rowans and birch—the haunt of water-kelpies—up through the wooded glens to the wind-swept heathery moor where the lonely whaup goes crying among the mountain crags. Here with the Spirit of Solitude dwelt Mystery and Romance, and with beckoning fingers—all unknown but none the less imperiously—drew our boyish lives up to heights far above the welter of mundane things. And well for us both that this Education of Nature had sped apace; for I was only just thirteen when a bolt from the blue brought the whole palace of delights tumbling about our ears with the sudden death of my father. By the time we had crawled painfully out of the ruins to build up the wreck of our happiness, we found ourselves living in a London suburb.

FRANK MORRIS.

Poems

The North

*Out of the south the white-throat
Follows the melting snow,
And where he sings the sweetest
None but the Northmen know.*

The North takes none for children,
Granting them wealth nor rest;
Her smile is not of their making,
They find no warmth in her breast.
Mighty, austere, compelling,
Yielding them love nor hate,
She dreams her dream in beauty,
Inalterable as fate.

The pine-trees root in the portage
Where proud Champlain went through;
The water folds in swiftly
After the sped canoe.
There never a plough has furrowed,
Never a road is made,
And the ways men go are trackless
After the dripping blade.

The North goes on unminding
Whether her mood shall slay,
Caring not that the boldest
Are broken along her way;
A foot-print filling with water,
A bow's faint scar on the shore—
And men are forgot by the Northland
As shadows passing her door.

*Yet out of the south the white-throat
Follows the melting snow,
And where he sings the sweetest
None but the Northmen know.*

The Riders

The wind in the channel is shouting and calling,
Come out where the waves of the Open are falling,
Leaping and trampling and falling in thunder
On the reefs where the white gulls are screaming for
plunder.

In squadrons and armies with trumpets and drumming
They sweep and roll onward and shout of their
coming;
Rank upon rank with the foam on their shoulders
The Riders of Huron charge on to the boulders.

The white-crested riders in clamour of battle
Charge on to the reefs like the surge of wild cattle,
Their tossing white banners cast upward and falling
They rear and thrust onward, each rank to rank
calling.

On, on, to the reefs, and with tumult among them,
They struggle and heave where the combat has flung
them,

They fall and are broken, but surging like cattle
The Riders of Huron sweep on to the battle.

The Bird of Paradise

I had watched you all night dancing,
Through the lights and shadows glancing,
Through the hall and arches fleeting
To the music's eager beating,
Till your burning loveliness
Swept me like a hot caress.
Weariness, disdaining vanished;
All but beauty had been banished—
Beauty pulsing through my being
As I watched you turning, fleeing.
Like a gold and orange spark,
Like a flame across the dark,
Like a jewel in the shades
Of the stretching colonnades
Where the bounds were but suspected,
Unseen rays you caught, reflected.
Swaying to the 'cello's pleading,
On from arch to arch receding,
Poising, floating, darting, free,
How you fled exultingly!
Vanished suddenly and gone,
Where your throbbing figure shone
Trod the other dancers only,
Pale and spiritless and lonely.
Then as suddenly returned,
Back upon my sight you burned,
Darting out of dim recesses
With the plume among your tresses
Drooping down upon your shoulder
Like a flame on snow to smoulder.
In the shades a ruby shining,
Now through lighted spaces twining,
I could see your hot unrest,
Glowing cheek and panting breast,
Limbs and body lithe and heated
With the wine that Life had meted—
Wine that glowed with hidden fire
Bearing joy and swift desire.
All night long I watched you dancing,
Through the lights your beauty glancing,
Blazing like a flower that sways
Flaming-petaled all its days,
From the fiery light of noon
Drawing splendour shed too soon.

A Piper on the Twelfth

You, too, must tramp among these masking fools
That nurse with tawdry gear a worn-out spite,
Must heat their ranting with that wild, proud cry
Known of old kindred in the close-fought fight!



A ROCKY PASTURE
LINOLEUM CUT BY
T. MACDONALD

What does your plaid beside that hired scarf,
You, of a warrior race, beside that clown
Playing the monarch with his old grey nag
And cocked hat perched upon his tousled crown?

Your blood took life among the silent hills
From men whose veins could throb with passionate
heat;
Leave to the factions of a bigot race
This cheap-jack pageant of the noisy street!

H. K. GORDON.

Dinny Fitzpatrick's Bill

IT was noon when I passed Dennis Fitzpatrick's little old sawmill. A lazy white curl idled above the smokestack, and a delicious smell of fresh pine sawdust became faintly perceptible after I had stood a minute or two. I cannot pass a sawmill without pausing just one minute to take in the appeal to soul and sense that there is in it for any Canadian who has his pride of land. The sergeant-at-arms at Ottawa should be a lictor and carry an axe, a chopper's axe or a broadaxe, instead of a mace. We know nothing of maces. And if early pioneer Canada, Canada after the fur days and up to the third quarter of the last century, should be represented by the axe, surely all the romance of the late pioneer days is gathered up in the sawmill. There is a world of association for any community, for any family. And the warm fragrance of steam sifting up through the cracks, the music of a saw passing through a clear log, the beauty of new lumber, of slabs and granular sawdust, the appeal to almost every sense is there. These things I dreamed as I stood there, until all the glamour vanished miserably in a sudden exquisite agony of outraged nerves. Dinny had evidently finished his lunch, and was utilizing the free hour for filing the big circular saw.

I climbed over the gate and sauntered in. For a year I had owed Dinny for lumber used on a little summer cottage I had built, and for some unknown reason I had never been able to obtain a bill for the amount. Dinny seemed actually to be averse to being paid. But now I went over to make another attempt. Dinny was singing an old song, while he pulled the saw around to the next tooth with the file.

Shake hands wid all the neighbours,
An' kiss the colleens all;
You're as welcome as the flowers in May
To dear old Donegal.

'Good day, Mr. Fitzpatrick.' I interrupted his song just as he was about to begin filing again.

He jumped almost off his straddled carriage track.

'Be the powers of Moll Kelly, Doctor, you

scairt me. Ye might as well kill a man as scare him to death!—Well, an' how are ye kapin'?'

Dinny has never been in Ireland in his life, but he is more inclined to exhibit 'brogue' than his father is, although the latter came out in '48. He made as if to get up, but I could not help seeing the rueful reluctance of movement and expression which Dinny undoubtedly meant me to see beneath its too obvious polite concealment. Knowing that he might need all his time to file the saw before the whistle would blow, I hastened to reassure him on the score of my errand.

'I'll not take a minute of your time, Mr. Fitzpatrick. I know you're busy. I've just come for that bill of mine.'

It was an opportune time, I thought. He would surely give me my bill to be rid of me. But alas, I knew at once that I had spoken a minute too soon, that I should have waited until he was on his feet, for he settled back on his place, and poised his file in his right hand.

'Doctor,' said he, in the tone of a reasonably courteous man who on his way to catch a train has to pause to tell some impudent schoolboy the time, 'I'm that murderin' smothered up in work that I can't kape up wid me rations scarcely. You can see how it is yourself. If I don't git this plague of a saw filed in feed time I have to do it wid the hull gang of spalpeens a-stannin' round drawin' down their salaries like bishops, all fer starin' at old Dinny discoursin' sweet music on the file.'

Dinny looked up at me with an expression of harrowed regret that was far too lugubrious to be genuine. I am not certain that it was intended to deceive me. He had me, and knew it, and I suspect that he wanted me to realize that he was enjoying his advantage. I glanced along the saw teeth. I could see that there were after all only eight or ten more to file, and I drew his attention to the fact.

'Doctor', said Dinny with a laugh, 'you'll excuse me fer sayin' so, but you'd ought to knowed better as that. There's four men as properly handles saws, four rale sawyers, in a manner of spakin'. There's the two wood sawyers—and they're the carpenter and the bushman; an' there's the two bone sawyers—an' they're the butcher an' the doctor. I don't hold wid these saws as saws stone an' iron. That's agin raison. Bone's all right, but the Good Man niver intinded a saw to saw rocks. May I niver see the back of me neck if I aint that surprised to find that one of the four rale sawyers of the world don't know as a saw has got to be gone over twicet wid the file and wancet wid the set.'

Now I was enough of a sawyer to know that Dinny was lying, gladly and elaborately, but I knew also that he would not give me my bill.

[“How I gwine say grace, Brer Rabbit?”]

“Fol' yo' han's und' yo' chin, Brer Wolf, and

shet yo' eyes, en say: Bless us en bine us, en put us in crack whar de Ole Boy can't fine us. Say it quick, Brer Wolf, kaze I failin' mighty fas."

'Brer Wolf, he put up he han's, he did, en shot he eyes, en 'low, "Bless us en bine us"; but he aint git no furder, kaze des time he take up he han's, Brer Rabbit fotch a wiggle, he did, en lit on he foots, en des natally lef' a blue streak behine 'im.'

I couldn't help the ridiculous feeling that I was part of an *Uncle Remus* story, that I was playing Brer Wolf to Dinny's Brer Rabbit, that I was foolishly engaged in a battle to determine the cunning of wit, that cunning which is perhaps the basis for primitive man's exaltation of the Rabbit and Turtle above the Lion and Bear. It may be, of course, that my superior attitude to Dinny's wit was unconsciously the refuge for my humbled intellectual pride. I almost believed that he was forgoing the payment of his bill for the sheer joy of foiling me. But Dinny's depths were not for such as I to fathom.

That was two years ago. Last year I renewed my attempts to settle that bill, and I tried several times this summer, until I returned to town, rather early this year, for the Exhibition. It was the second Wednesday that we went out for one of our rounds of sight-seeing and souvenir-collecting, and a persistent headache decided us against the Grandstand Performance in the evening. We reached home about nine o'clock to find the veranda chairs occupied by two untidy human figures. A white collar and Derby hat are fair disguises for Dinny, but of course I recognized him as soon as he rose, somewhat unsteadily, to his feet.

'Why, how are you, Mr. Fitzpatrick? Come on in!' I cried, as hospitably as my surprise, and the too evident intoxication of both men would allow me.

Dinny took off his hat, and turned to my wife.

'Axin' yer pardon, ma'am, fer bringin' me brother Mat here in this condition. The fac' is, may I niver see the back of me neck if the boy isn't drunk.—Mat, I want ye to meet the doctor's wife.—Ma'am, this is me brother's wife, Mat.—He's drunk, I'm sorry to say.'

We brought them inside as quickly as possible, and my wife fled. Dinny was trying to explain how he had found our address, while Mat insisted on singing:

O! Kilmurry Macmahon's a place ye would bless,
Where whiskey costs nothing, an' buttermilk less.

'Whisht, ye bosthoon!' cried Dinny. 'You'll be run in be the police, an' they'll swear ye stole the drop of the crayture that's in you. Them's the boys 'd swear a hole in an iron pot to git the money for their dirty informin'.—Can't ye show a bit of breedin'?'

Thus admonished, Mat subsided, and Dinny continued his story.

'An' bedad, here it was callyhootin' on to six o'clock, an' when I puts me hand in me pocket I found there wasn't a rid cint to me name, and Mat was worse broke nor me yet.—So I says to myself: "Me boy, now's the time to go to the bank."

'To the bank, Mr. Fitzpatrick! But the banks close at three.'

It was a treat to see the knowing leer that came over Dinny's rough-hewn features.

'Ah, doctor dear, there's where the cunnin' contrivance of wan Dinny Fitzpatrick comes in. I'd have ye know that my bank don't *open* till nine at night at all, at all.'

I began to comprehend, slowly and uncertainly, and Dinny came carefully over to me and put a hand on my shoulder.

'The two-by-fours comes to eliven-sixty, an' the joists are four-forty, an' the sheetin' was twenty-five an' a half, an' the sidin' was forty-six, but the sidin' is paid fer.'—He paused, but only for a few seconds.—'Have you the matter of forty dollars and fifty cints on you, doctor?'

Fortunately, I had. I was perfectly certain at the time that the bill was correct, and have since verified it. I hesitated for a moment to pay it to him in his present condition, but I really had no need.

'Well, Mr. Fitzpatrick,' I said, as I paid the money over, 'I have been waiting for a long time for a chance to pay this bill.'

'Yis!' replied Dinny, emphatically. 'An' thin if ye had, where'd Mat an' me be this blessed night? Tell me that. I got caught here wancet before, an' had the devil's own time agittin' out agin, an' I says to meself as soon as ever I saw the dear old mill agin, I says, "May I niver see the back of me neck if I git nabbed that way agin. I'll have a bank in Toronto," I says, "an' wan that's open nights, too." An' the minute I clapped eyes on you, doctor, 'an' sold you the bit of lumber, I says to meself: "There's yer bank, me boy." I knowed you was a damn heretic, doctor, beggin' yer pardon an' manin' no offince, an' I knowed you was a Methody, an' they're



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the blackest of all heretics, an' saltpeter can't save 'em, strong an' all a pickle as it is, but I says to myself that the doctor's got the phiz of an honest man accordin' to his lights an' he lives in Toronto, an' he's the man to have me account wid.'

J. D. ROBINS.

A Real Critic

THE literary world is full of critics, more critics than poets even. At least we honour them with the name of critics, and we may as well confess that from an academic point of view the standard of literary criticism week by week in our best periodicals (London and New York) is surprising. A book, which has been in the reviewer's hands for only a couple of days or a week, is scrutinized, and its finer points judged, as if the writer had lived with the work for years; the student of contemporary letters is again and again driven back to current reviewers for analytical hints.

But the fact remains that the reviewer of our orthodox, academic sort treats a large number of works with equal hand and usually shirks, or is in practice unconscious of, the final sorting-out which takes place somehow—we don't quite know how—and which leaves the majority of these carefully assessed works on the scrap-heap, exalting a special few to the shelf of the immortals, or the Methuselahs.

We do not know exactly how this takes place. It is customary to say that Time does it. We all know that Time is the most dilatory of things—if indeed it is a thing at all. It does nothing of itself. Where must we look for Time's assistants in this particular case? Not to the majority. For the majority, the special shelf of the immortals does not exist. It is all in the hands of a tiny minority which cares deeply for these things and slowly wins out over a somewhat larger minority which cares a little, but less than the first minority. And so on till the facts are echoed in the history books and by the educated public. Criticism, not Time, makes the great names as it makes the small ones. But not the orthodox, the unorthodox critic, the man who makes sweeping statements on the right occasion.

In Edward Garnett, whose *Friday Nights (First Series)*¹ have just appeared, we come as near as we are likely to come in our time to the first-hand, the real critic. He is by profession a publisher's reader, which makes the fact all the more remarkable. Working all the week for a commercial interest which, however dignified, can never coincide with immortal interests, so to speak, he was in the habit of pleasing himself on Friday nights and writing essays on his private favourites. He has made himself in this way the most influential critic of English literature to-day—in the opinion of his colleagues.

¹ Doran, New York.

Odd as it may sound, there must have been a man who first suspected the greatness of Shakespeare. We must imagine the bard stooping his way out of the inn where he had relaxed and one of the company left behind saying to the other, 'There goes one of the greatest minds that ever was', and the other replying, in good Elizabethan, of course, and possibly without anachronisms, popular as they were in those days, 'My dear fellow, how can that be? Was he not drinking ale through his teeth here a moment ago the same as you and me? You may take it from me that great minds are not drunk-ale-with, they are across-the-ages-paid-homage-to. Why, even if he is a great mind—which I utterly dispute—it spoils the thing for ever if you have drunk ale with him. What you say is as absurd as sucking an egg with a telescope. It can't be done.'

We shall never know who the man was who was thus rebuked on that unknown occasion—it may have been Ben Jonson—but we can be certain that he had something in common with Mr. Garnett. It was Mr. Garnett, for example, who 'discovered' Joseph Conrad. That is to say, he accepted *Almayer's Folly* for publication and we have it from the author himself that, if it had not been accepted, he would have made no second attempt at the art of literature. And we find also that Mr. Garnett wrote of Conrad as early as 1898 with a penetration which keeps his writing fresh and alive to-day when it is easy for Tom, Dick, and Harry to praise our great adopted novelist. He writes:

For Mr. Conrad's art, in its essence, reminds us much of his compatriot's (Chopin)—it is a delicate, and occasionally a powerful instrument. There is a story, 'The Lagoon', in the *Tales of Unrest*, which flows out of itself in subtle cadence, in rise and fall of emotion, just as you may hear Ernst's delicate music rise and sweep and flow from the violin. For occasionally the author's intense fidelity to the life he has observed seems to melt and fade away in a lyrical impulse, the hard things of actual life die and are lost in a song of beauty, just as the night comes to overwhelm the hard edges of the day.

When *Nostromo* appeared in 1904, Mr. Garnett wrote a review of that extraordinary novel which seizes on its special qualities and its defects with astonishing precision. We now know that *Nostromo* is not only unique among Conrad novels but also unique among novels in general. Mr. Garnett's words in 1904 were that 'Mr. Conrad has achieved something which it is not in the power of any English contemporary novelist to touch.' Strong words they must have seemed then; to-day we might find the qualifying adjective 'English' unnecessary.

But Mr. Conrad is no longer neglected. Mr. Garnett's services to a writer, who has had to wait longer still for recognition and has much more 'coming to him' yet, are even more noteworthy. As early as 1902 Mr. Garnett signalized the importance

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ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

of C. M. Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*. It is true that the book appeared in 1888 and that Mr. Garnett may not have been first in the field, but it was he who, in 1908, when the *Arabia* was unknown to most students of English literature, endeavoured to decoy the general reader with an abridged edition of what he considered the greatest travel-book in English. And later he remarks with irony that '*Arabia Deserta* would still be un procurable but for the Great War.' It was comfortably out of print long before 1914, but during the war it 'became a military text-book' (Colonel Lawrence's words), and has since been republished twice and accorded its rightful place by all the critical journals. Mr. Garnett does not finesse in his judgments, as a rule. '*Arabia Deserta* is not a book; it is a continent.' There is no more to be said.

It is in these ways that Mr. Garnett has made his great reputation. We would do well, therefore, to remember that his other judgment on Charles Doughty, the most neglected of our major writers in English to-day, may also be borne out in time. He writes of *The Dawn in Britain* in 1908, two years after its appearance (he was not necessarily first this time, there are the current reviews of Edward Thomas in the *London Bookman*, 1906):

So unerring is the force of the author's imagination, so mysterious his creative insight that in the whole twenty-four books of his epic there is not a single event narrated that we do not accept and believe in as implicitly as though it had passed before our eyes. All has the inevitableness and actuality of nature. And we dare not question the artistic method, even in the broken waters of truncated phrases and obscurities, or in the prosaic stretches of the narrative, any more than we can hope to smooth away the lines from a man's face and yet retain its character.

Of a later poem, *Adam Cast Forth*, unknown by name to all but a handful of people, Mr. Garnett wrote, again in 1908, that 'in sublimity, in native austerity, in the qualities of elemental awe and pity, the sacred drama of the earthly fate of Adam and Eve, after they have been cast forth from Eden, vies with the Miltonic drama.' 'It is,' he says, 'a poem that in simplicity and force stands beside the great poems of the antique world.' So far the critics in general have shirked the question of Mr. Doughty's poetry, and the general reader still resists temptation. But Mr. Garnett has a wonderful knack of being right.

There is much else in *Friday Nights*, of which a strict review would have to take cognizance. The chapter on W. H. Hudson, written in 1903, is profound and exhaustive, showing 'the extreme originality with which he enlarges both the poets' and the scientists' horizon, at one and the same time', and here again Mr. Garnett is writing as a discoverer. Others may find the volume more interesting for its essays on foreign literature, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Tche-

hov, or on contemporary Americans, Robert Frost and others, or on D. H. Lawrence, but in most cases they may take it for granted that the dates at the ends of the chapters have their story to tell.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

Marjorie Pickthall's Poetry

MARJORIE PICKTHALL'S poetry is good enough to be judged on its merits. The uncritical praise in some recent articles is a poor compliment to an artist of delicacy and restraint. It is natural and proper that we should be specially interested in Canadian writers, but patriotic silliness will not help the cause of good writing in Canada. And in any case Marjorie Pickthall's best work requires no 'boosting' and need fear no fair criticism.

She will probably be remembered as a maker of lyrics. The strength needed for longer works, whether in verse or prose, she might have developed, but one rather doubts it. Certainly her last novel, *The Bridge*, is a limp, thin story which seems as if it was trying to be like Conrad. The best thing in it is the feeling for the Great Lakes and for the winter landscape. This feeling for the wild places is also expressed in such short stories as 'The Stove' with quietness and sincerity. She was coming more and more to choose Canadian subjects. In some of her poems the landscape is clearly Canadian—

Here where the flame-weed set the lands alight,
Lies the bleak upland, webbed and crowned with white.

or,

O the grey rocks of the islands and the hemlock green above them,
The foam beneath wild rose bloom, the star above the shoal.
When I am old and weary I'll wake my heart to love them,
For the blue ways of the islands are wound about my soul.

Canadian also in its inspiration is the little poem 'Pere Lalemant'—

I lift the Lord on high,
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.

These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine altar in the cool green shade,
Where the wild soft-eyed does draw nigh
Wondering, as in the byre
Of Bethlehem the oxen heard Thy cry
And saw Thee, unafeard.

This gentle religious spirit is present in much of her writing. One group of poems treats of Eastern Biblical themes, 'The Bridegroom of Cana', 'A Mother in Egypt', 'Mons Angelorum'. One of these, 'The Young Baptist', shows that she could write excellent blank verse. In fact, she is mistress of many tunes from simple ballad metres to stanzas of more intricate music. The religious feeling in her

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writing has led some to compare her with Christina Rossetti. There are real points of resemblance, but of course the comparison must not be pressed too far. Their moods are at times alike; both can write with child-like tenderness and simplicity. 'A Child's Song of Christmas' is exquisite—

My counterpane is soft as silk,
My blankets white as creamy milk.
The hay was soft to Him, I know,
Our little Lord of long ago.

Little poetry of such sure artistry as Marjorie Pickthall's has been made in Canada. Considering the smallness of her production in verse her range of temper and subject is fairly wide—from the humour of 'Wiltshire',

I died o' cider and taters
When I wer a-turned four-score.
Us always wer hearty aters,
My feyther he wer afore.

to the old but unfading beauty of classical legend in 'The Little Fauns to Proserpine'—and if there is not much of her poetry we must remember that her time was not very long. 'O, Life', she wrote—

O, Life is as a flower is, and my days go down
Like the ships with their lading from the star-white town.
Their holds are full of apples, and my days go from me
Like the fruit-sweet sails that are lost over sea.

Her poems will wear well and will be read when much that is noisy and commonplace in Canadian verse has been, let us hope, happily forgotten.

R. K. GORDON.

ANNUAL LITERARY PRIZE

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and the County of York, a prize of One Hundred Dollars for the best poem submitted not later than February 1, 1923. No restrictions as to theme or poetic form. MSS. must be typed and accompanied by a written statement that the writer (full name and address) is of Canadian birth and has never received payment for literary work.

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Our Bookshelf

Sociology

Socialism and Character, by Henry Sturt (George Allen & Unwin; 7/6).

That varied, more or less definite, and more or less discordant mass of thinking about human society which is roughly called Socialism must have deep roots. In the early idealistic and sentimental forms given it by Rousseau and Saint-Simon it has ceased to command anything but a historical interest. Its later hard and severely economic Marxian development has been found inadequate in its analysis of life and history. Driven by the apathy or antagonism of the Churches of Europe into an attitude of hostility to religion it has alienated all religious people who did not know how unnatural and suicidal was such a combination of brotherhood and atheism. Yet socialism lives on, and after every fresh assault of the axe fresh shoots appear from the old stump. Here is a defence of it whole-hearted and, except for occasional suggestions of hidden fires, calmly confident, from a lecturer in the University of Wales, Mr. Henry Sturt, M.A. His is not so much an apologetic as an aggressive and assured presentation of socialism as demanded in the interest of character.

Mr. Sturt is not an enthusiast, much less a fanatic. The changes which he thinks imperative must be made 'gradually and with caution'. He thinks there will always be room even in the socialistic commonwealth for private management in new and hazardous enterprises and where personal peculiarities and tastes have to be met. And he doubts whether we can altogether protect men from 'the fatal disease of opulence', though much can be done to mitigate this evil where it cannot be abolished. But it seems clear to him that present commercial and industrial methods are no longer tolerable. In the competition of business which Sir Henry Maine¹ styles a 'beneficent private war' Mr. Sturt sees, indeed, a kind of private war, 'but not at all beneficent', rather 'full of the cruelty of warfare in its meanest and most selfish forms'.²

This private war corrupts every part of our national life: it stimulates unwholesomely the grasping and domineering instincts of our nature; it drags the masses down into a condition of semi-slavery and puffs up the directing classes into petty tyrants; it makes the rich degenerate and the poor coarse and brutal; it deadens social sympathy and public spirit and makes society full of injustice and hatred; it hardens our hearts to the influences of friendship; it darkens and cripples the lives of children and degrades women; it suffocates the wider spiritual interests which give beauty and dignity to human life; it stupefies and vulgarises us. In short, it is war, without the heroism and devotion which light up the terrors of a conflict against a public enemy.³

¹*Popular Government*, p. 50.

²Page 18.

³Pages 19-20.



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In reviewing MOUNT EVEREST, THE CANADIAN FORUM said: 'Canadians will find special interest in the part played by Major O. E. Wheeler, who, as a boy at Trinity College School and the Royal Military College, was accustomed to spend his summers with his father surveying in the Rockies. Major Wheeler's chapter on the photographic survey of Everest bears the scars of his years spent as surveyor and soldier. Of his work Major Morshead has this to say: "Major Wheeler had probably the hardest time of any member of the expedition, and his success in achieving single-handed the mapping of 600 square miles of some of the most mountainous country in the world is sufficient proof of his determination and grit". The fact that Major Wheeler was one of the three members in the 'final push' of 1921 will be gratifying to those members of the Alpine Club of Canada who have climbed with him in the Rockies and Selkirks'.

The book is well printed and excellently illustrated.

BRITISH HISTORY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (1782-1901)

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CANDIDE, in the *Saturday Night* of October 21st, ends up a most interesting review by saying: 'In story interest this book far excels any novel. It is not loaded with statistics; it is not crammed with insignificant dates; it is the history for the common man to read. The dates are, for the most part, placed in the margin, and so do not interfere with the thread of the plot. The reader opens the book thinking to cover a chapter; he is gripped, and, hours later, will be found ploughing steadily through, page by page, oblivious of the dinner hour or bed time. How could one leave chapter xi after noting the heading?—Brougham, Owen, Cobbett—The Radical Movement and Second Repression—Peterloo and Cato Street—The Queen's Trial—Death of Castle-reagh'.

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In the panic of a ship-wreck all kindly feeling and reflection disappear; men fight and struggle horribly and even kill each other. So it is in our industrial society under the excitement of gain; each man scrimmages for what he can get and tramples upon his neighbours without remorse. The Socialist is one who detests this hideous confusion.¹

As Ruskin found seven principles of noble architecture which he called Lamps, Mr. Sturt finds our market stall lit by three flares—domination, waste, pretence. Mr. Sturt is deeply impressed with the impossibility, under present conditions, of a healthy self-respect on the part of great masses of people, and with the bondage of the press. 'Individualism in some degree does tend to produce slave vices'.² Further, the present system is undermining the patriotism of the workers.

The socialized state will be wealthier. 'If we compelled everybody to work, fitted them carefully for work by appropriate education, and arranged the work upon an intelligent plan, we should increase largely the *per capita* production of goods'.³

The functions of government will be greatly extended. It will be more arduous, varied, scientific. Not only members of Parliament but members of lower governing councils will be paid. The universities of the future will provide courses of study to prepare men expressly for political life, and most of the best intellects of the country will be in the public service in one way or another. The patriotism of the masses will be enormously intensified, and the more active and varied political life will stimulate the literary activity as in the Periclean age in Athens and the Elizabethan in England.

One of the largest and most interesting sections of the book deals with woman under socialism. Mr. Sturt is convinced that the economic emancipation of woman is bound up with that of the workers.

No effective scheme of socialism can be brought into working without the full co-operation of women. . . . They will need high qualities both of intellect and moral devotion.

These cannot be looked for in persons who stand in a semi-servile position.⁴

Women, therefore, must be paid for their services as wives and mothers. The wife must be as independent as the housekeeper.

There will be a closer regulation in the socialist state especially of the family and the relations between men and women, and much of this regulation can only be wisely carried out by women.

Mr. Sturt thinks women will probably insist on Prohibition. On the whole, however, their influence will contribute greatly to steadiness and gradualness of change.

¹Page 21.

²Page 120.

³Page 55.

⁴Page 33.

The admission of women to co-ordinate power will be the greatest of revolutions but it will probably be the last. The political changes of the future may be great in their aggregate but in their stages they will be gradual and mild.

This lucid and fair-minded little book illustrates the strong hold radical social thinking has taken on cultured minds in England. The academic mind in the United States and Canada has so far shown itself more conservative, but signs are not wanting of a great and rapid change.

SALEM G. BLAND.

Poetry

Down-a-down-derry, by Walter de la Mare (Constable).

This is a collection of fairy poems from various periods of Mr. de la Mare's work, under the three headings of Fairies, Witches and Witchcraft, The World of Dream. It contains several coloured illustrations and many illustrations in black and white by Dorothy P. Lathrop.

Mr. de la Mare needs little introduction. There must be few readers of poetry who do not know him as the author of the finest volume of children's verses in our time—*Peacock Pie*—and as a true descendant of the Coleridge who wrote *Christabel* a century and more ago. Mr. de la Mare's inspiration seldom ranges far from the world of phantasy and the present collection, whilst it excludes some of the more humorous and rustic gems from *Peacock Pie* and the graver reflective poetry of his later volumes, achieves a fine harmony of tone and represents what is central in Mr. de la Mare's genius.

There is less harmony of tone in the illustrations. They appear altogether more capricious than the letterpress and scarcely, if at all, attuned to the mood and traditions of the poet. It is disconcerting to find lines so English as,

As Lucy went a-walking one morning cold and fine,
There sat three crows upon a bough, and three times three
is nine:

Then 'O!' said Lucy, in the snow, 'it's very plain to see
A witch has been a-walking in the fields in front of me'.

illustrated in a scene of decorative reds and oranges like some Russian ballet, or to find the manner of Aubrey Beardsley cropping up again and again in the black and white. Does Mr. de la Mare enjoy being treated as if he were Oscar Wilde or Ernest Dowson? The plainer illustration to 'Some one came knocking' (p. 143) shows that the artist could at times attune herself to the poet. If she had given more thought to this problem she might have displayed her talents less effectively and yet helped to make a better and more artistic volume.

B. F.

¹Page 112.

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Fiction

The Dancer and Other Tales, by Stephen Tallents (Constable; 7/6).

Here is a collection of short stories and sketches to which one can return again and again with renewed pleasure—as one does, for instance, to Galsworthy's *A Motley*. The background of the book, which gives unity to its diversity of scene and mood, is the war. So its atmosphere is tinged with gentle sadness, lightened, however, by Mr. Tallents' distinctive and charming humour.

Strictly speaking, only the first seven in the volume can be described as tales. The remaining pieces are shorter and slighter, some of them in the delightful vein of his first book, little intimate glimpses into a soldier's happy life with his wife and little children, others with the dark shadow of war and famine more insistently present, delicately-traced pictures of the Baltic Sea and Provinces. Both scenes and people, the author describes as one who has known and loved them well.

Even in the longer stories, the main interest is not in incident but in character, vividly conceived. One might charge our author with over-idealization of his men and women, did one not remember how in war-time, in the imminence of danger and death, every faculty was heightened, latent poetry and wit, as well as gallantry, were set free. The heroines of these tales particularly are made the incarnations of the spirit of England at war; one might mention as especially pathetic and appealing, 'The Captain's Daughter', as especially splendid, 'Miranda' and 'The Dancer'.

There is a certain irony (one wonders if intentional) in the fact that 'The Gay Morning', the only story untouched by the war, is the most unrelievedly sombre in the book. 'Aye, a gay morning—too gay a morning to last!' is an old man's weather prophecy to a young girl, which she with quick sensitiveness seizes upon and translates to her companion as a forecast of her life. The following quotation—the concluding sentence of this story, although it shows our usually fairly cheerful philosopher in a darker mood, yet gives some indication of his unvarying charm of style:

'It was left to me to remember her, when, a few minutes later, I leaned out of my bedroom window into the darkness to watch the light sickle of a moon of gold swung over the motionless trees—poised for the severance, I asked myself apprehensively, of what brave promise of happiness and life.'

L. I. R.

Aaron's Rod, by D. H. Lawrence (Martin Secker).

Mr. Lawrence is again attempting to sum up life in a formula. His chief characters, Aaron and Lilly, though adult in years, are still adolescent in

their search for a philosophy. Mr. Lawrence himself is, in his outlook on life, at the opposite pole from a man like Tchehov who accepts the infinite variety of experience. He seems to want to reduce life to an understandable phrase, and this is the secret of the disappointing character of his work as a whole.

His brilliance appears most in his power of creating actual living situations, but a very great part of this book and of its predecessor, *Women in Love*, is spent in analysis rather than in creation. It is here that he fails to convince, because most readers mature enough to enjoy his situations and his characters are too mature to be interested in any but the profoundest and most sympathetic generalizations about life.

Aaron's Rod contains at least one chapter of remarkable power, and that one is the first. This chapter alone shows that Mr. Lawrence is so fine a creator that he could well lay aside the role of talker and theoriser.

M. A. F.

Peregrine's Progress, by Jeffery Farnol (Sampson Low, Marston).

Here and now I would begin this book by telling of Diana as I remember her, a young dryad vivid with life, treading the leafy ways, grey eyes a-dream, kissed by sun and wind, filling the woodland with the glory of her singing, out-carolling the birds.

I would fain show her to you in her swift angers and ineffable tenderness, in her lofty pride and sweet humility, passionate with life, yet boldly virginal, fronting evil scornful and undismayed, with eyes glittering bright as her 'little churi,' yet yielding herself a willing sacrifice and meekly enduring for Friendship's sake.

When I read the above passage in the 'Ante-Scriptum' to Mr. Farnol's latest effort, I remembered how he had served George Borrow in *The Broad Highway* and feared that he had been at it again with Hudson's *Green Mansions*. Had he dared to travesty that well-nigh perfect romance as grossly as this passage suggests, he would richly deserve that most painful fate (which I otherwise, of course, would greatly deplore), the withdrawal of an unexacting and free-handed public's favour. The story itself, however, fails to convict him, though my suspicions are not altogether dispelled by the English setting with its paraphernalia of bruising dandies, pugilistic evangelists, poetic tinkers, post-chaises, and the rest.

Forgetting this perhaps unfounded suspicion, a word about the book itself. It is as ridiculous a novel as even Mr. Farnol has yet succeeded in setting before a greedy public. It removes us even farther from the dull (I had almost, forgetfully, written 'sordid') realities of life as could Mrs. Barclay herself. It is as romantic as the most starved soul, yearning for 'colour' and swift action, could desire. The hero, after being sheltered by his maiden aunt's

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solicitous and cloistering care in the expectation of his becoming a great poet (or a great painter), departs suddenly from her roof, and immediately adventure after *almost* incredible adventure is heaped upon him, though, poor lad, he is only nineteen. After the lapse of two uneventful years events burst upon him again with a speed and luridness that only such a sweet and unsophisticated character as his could have met and risen above. He does, however, and on page 461 marries his gypsy maiden with an earl, a tinker, an evangelist (ex-pugilist, ex-soldier, ex-sailor), and an extremely fashionable lady and gentleman for his nuptial attendants. The bride, after being for two years the earl's protégé elects to array herself in the tinker's tent, although within a short distance of the former's mansion, and is 'hooked up' by the tinker, who, honest fellow, is somewhat embarrassed.

It is a pity to spoil such an ingenuous picture, but it is only fair to Mr. Farnol to point out that continual delving in the more unpleasant depths of later eighteenth-century life, although in the perfectly innocent search for historical colouring, may have an unhappy effect on even robustly virtuous minds. I should not care to think that he intended some of his passages to be as nauseating as they are.

H. K. G.

The Braganza Necklace, by Herbert Harrison (Sampson Low, Marston; 6s.).

This is a vigorous romance of the times of the Second George in England. If one wants merely to be entertained, the book can be confidently recommended. There is plenty of excitement, with murder and sudden death, with masked High Tobymen who hold up coaches on Blackheath, marriage by capture, and a midnight duel in the churchyard. There are mysterious Jacobite activities, and one Will Hogarth who does and says practically nothing, but whose name on the page is meant to have somewhat the same magic value as a Prime Minister's on an insurance company directorate. There is a staid London goldsmith, who holds high secrets and displays uncanny detective skill, a hot-headed ship's surgeon, a sinister baronet, a heroine with a great wrong and a long hate, a prison-born hag with a strong pipe and a heart of gold, and a superlatively clever Sister Nan. The technique is open to some criticism. The author has succeeded in re-creating a satisfactory, if at moments obvious, atmosphere of the times. But the attempt fails to invest the central idea of the story with political significance. There was no necessity for it, and it makes an otherwise clever plot seem sometimes rather ridiculous. There are laxities in style, as, for instance, where the landlady's story of the kidnapping gradually assumes a dignity of diction quite out of character. But when all is said, it is a jolly good book to read. R.

Carniss and Company, by Henry St. John Cooper (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; 6s.).

This is a quite enjoyable combination of tender romance and black-hearted scheming. It is not so closely written as to forbid you taking a comprehensive glance over a page or two if driven by the tram-rider's haste, but you cannot with impunity do any carefree 'skipping'. I plead guilty myself to having crossed the boundary of morning to follow the adventures—in both commerce and the affections—of the partners of Carniss and Company. Besides, the discussion of antiques—neither too frequent nor too technical—adds a pleasant colour to the general atmosphere. At the risk of being a caviller I may mention three very minor faults. One, the existence of a one-cylinder motor-car in post-war days stretches the reader's credulity a little too far; even a love of antiques should be disciplined. Two, it is doubtful whether a person who admittedly knew something of pictures would readily mistake a Reynolds for a Gainsborough. Three, 'Carniss' could scarcely have appeared as a company, near Bond Street or anywhere else in England, without the seven shareholders that the law requires.

H. K. G.

Trade and Industry

THE zest with which we flocked to hear Mr. Babson when he visited Canada ten days ago bears witness to an interest in barometrics which has only been whetted by the prospect of trade revival.

The year which is now closing has been one of mixed blessings. The general forecast of rising prices in the produce markets, which led so many during the spring to speculate in May wheat, was not well founded. On the other hand the hope of a bumper crop has in large measure been fulfilled; for the harvest of wheat, oats, barley, rye, flaxseed, hay, and clover is in each case well above the level of 1921.

The time is not yet ripe for an estimate of the value of the wheat crop; but it is probable that the good effect of a heavy yield has in large measure been nullified by the swift drop in prices during the last three months; and that it has been disposed of by farmers for an aggregate sum a little, but not much, in excess of that obtained at the end of last season.

With obligations to be met which date from a period of high prices, the farmer has still his troubles, as is evidenced by the number of Soldier Settlers who have given up their homesteads. The secondary effects of two years of depression in agriculture are nowhere more vividly reflected than in the latest report of the Cockshutt Plow Company, whose



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surplus is reduced from the 1921 figure of about \$252,000 to a little less than \$3,200. Not till the demand of Europe recovers are we likely to see a decisive change for the better in the group of industries subsidiary to farming; and in Europe the prospect is not encouraging. Hampered by the latest 'flight from the mark' and the new American tariff, unable to get rid (except in small quantities) either of her products or her surplus population, Europe has lived to see the Sick Man of other days contemptuously dismiss the physicians from his bedside, and herself sent packing 'bag and baggage' from the Bosphorus.

But if some of our industries, like their customers abroad, are in reduced financial circumstances, others are much more fortunate. The boom in the building trades, more especially in the United States, has created such a demand for Canadian lumber that the wood-working industries are well employed. Preparations for an increased cut of timber in the winter months are well under way. Moreover, the seasonal movement of produce is at its maximum just now. Though the recent increase in industrial activity has not been confined altogether to these three groups, it is in building, lumbering, and transportation that the most conspicuous expansion has occurred.

With one set of forces making strongly for recovery, while another set as obviously retards it, the market for finished goods is naturally 'spotty'. The latest report of the Employment Service of Canada suggests that our manufacturing industries generally are employing some 15% fewer workers than at the height of the boom in 1920. Inevitably there are localities and industries in which the strain of hard times is still keenly felt.

During any trade depression, in the struggle for survival among thousands of threatened businesses, the weakest go to the wall: and let this be said of the sifting process which goes on in the bankruptcy courts—that for all the personal hardship, sometimes amounting to tragedy, which accompanies each failure, the continued well-being of society depends on a periodical elimination of inefficient industrial executives, and this is one method of securing it.

Under ordinary circumstances, the sifting lasts only for a year or two; and then prosperity returns till, five or six years later, Nature begins to prune once more. In the present instance, as will be seen from the tables that follow, the sifting is, if anything, increasing in severity.

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Number of Failures	90	73	63	90	197

NUMBER OF FAILURES IN CANADA, SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1922

(Reports of R. G. Dun & Co.)

Region	Maritime Provinces	Quebec	Ontario	Western Provinces	Total: Canada
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October	15	116	67	70	268

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